



WHAT SHE BIKE IN.

New Ideas in "Irrational" Cycling Costumes.

MANISH DRESS IGNORED.

Skirts are the favorite of the Tastefully Clothed Woman Who Goes a-Wheeling—A Combination That is Very Pretty.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, April 26.—The well-dressed "biking" woman, who likes the healthy fun of wheeling through the park and on the boulevards, but who cares nothing for rational dress in other words, bloomers, knickerbockers, etc.—is showing some very pretty costumes these days. They are graceful and comfortable, and, no matter what the dress-worms may say, they are much more effective than the mannish dress assumed by more daring souls.

There is one with the bodice partaking somewhat of the style of a Norfolk jacket, made of fancy Melton with shot silk. The skirt is partly divided at the back, but in front it is quite plain, and it has all the appearance of an ordinary walking-skirt, but on the machine the plait at the back falls straight from the waist on either side of the saddle.

Another gown has an ordinary skirt, with plait let in to give spring at the knees. When walking these plaits are held together by small tabs, which are easily undone or removed for "cycling." The coat has a broad, velvet collar, vandyked at the back, which is very becoming. Either of these charming fashions can be worn in different colors, and in various colorings.

An excellent "cycle cape" in rough cloth is gray, navy, tan, or black. This model is exceedingly light, and it will fold up into a small space for strapping under the saddle when not in use. It is cut three-quarter length, and has only at the neck so that it effectively protects the whole of the figure to below the knees, without adding any perceptible weight to the costume.

A brand-new costume with a fancy yoke is made of ecru-colored cloth, and the trimmings are of white cloth, braided in blue and gold braid. The skirt is divided, though, to all appearances, it is an ordinary walking-skirt. A separate width of cloth is arranged in an ingenious manner, so that it will tuck back on itself when "cycling," and leave the skirt divided right through in front, or it will button over the division when walking, and entirely hide the divided nature of the garment.

The yoke and cuffs are of white cloth, casemently braided, and a narrow row of beaver goes across the chest. The turn-down collar is of white cloth, faced with red velvet.

A combination affair, and one of the prettiest to be seen on the road or in the stores, is one which has a skirt, plain in front, and with a box-plait up the centre of the back. Knickerbockers are introduced inside this skirt, which really is a combination garment. The plaits are kept in place by cords inside the skirt, and they do not fly out at the side when "cycling."

The coat is piped with cloth of a contrasting color, and the collar is also of cloth. The coat is convertible, for it can be worn either buttoned over in the double-breasted style, or hanging open, with the revers buttoned back on themselves. This charming costume can be made in any woollen material, also in space for warmer weather.

An exceptionally good model is a divided skirt, but it is so ingeniously arranged that, although, when riding, it gives all the freedom of rational dress, it looks exactly like an ordinary afternoon walking costume when walking. The front width is buttoned over with tabs, and this folds back on itself, and discloses an underskirt divided from about the knee. The full plaits at the back hang evenly on either side of the machine, and fall in graceful folds straight from the waist. This is an immense improvement on the ordinary "cycling-skirt."

The horse girl who rides a "bike" has a dress of her own. It resembles a habit skirt at front and sides, but has an ingenious arrangement of plaits at the back, which fall on each side of the middle, when the wearer is mounted, entirely concealing it, and having a very graceful effect.

The knickers are attached to the inside of the skirt, forming a part of it. In fact, an idea that will be appreciated by the fair "cyclist." A long strap at the back connects the inside of the skirt to the band of the knickers, preventing the former from becoming disarranged.

a strong wind. A stiff breeze is, as a rule, the bane of wheeling women, but in this skirt it may be faced with impunity. The neat little coat has full basques, and the new, moderate-sized, even plaited sleeves.

New York's Trained Nurses.

Trained nurses say that bachelors, no matter whether young or old, are the most difficult patients in the world to take care of. One young woman begged a hospital superintendent when a certain very rich bachelor was sick in September, "Don't send me there. I'll take all the teething babies and all the nervous old women, but don't give me a fretful bachelor." Yet the bachelors, poor fellows, must be cared for, and no one can do it but the soft-handed, gentle-voiced woman nurse.

When a trained nurse steps into a household in obedience to the doctor's call she carries with her a small grip-sack. In five minutes she has slipped into a dark gown, tied on her apron, plumed on her cap, and is sitting by the patient's side. She asks no questions. In a few minutes the subdued light of the

"Where is she?"

"In the next room. Shall I call her?"

"No, you'll do. Going to stay here?"

You'll find me an awful-awful—" the words are dying slowly away. The patient is falling asleep, and the nurse, who has been warned that insomnia is all that is keeping her patient sick, smiles with a gratified air. "No wonder he couldn't sleep with five medicine bottles starting at him," she says, as she tips out to consult the other nurse, for when bachelors are to be cared for the trained nurses go in pairs. There is not one who would be willing to take the responsibility alone.

The accommodations for the trained nurses are, in story-books, beautiful little white chambers adjoining the sick-room of the patient. In real life, in the average family, there is no accommodation at all for the nurse. She must sleep anywhere she can, and be comfortable with a blanket on the floor. Great concession if she has a couch. But the nurse is equal to emergencies.

In the training-school for nurses bed-making upon four chairs is taught. The chairs are placed facing each other. The blankets are spread over the chairs, pillows placed at head and back, and the nurse gets a very comfortable sleep. If she has nursed a considerable time, she has bought herself a tiny alarm-watch for the bosom of her dress, and this she sets to awaken her at the proper minute. The place for her "bed" is right across the door of the room, and when she has difficulty cases to deal with, she often attaches a string to the window and to her own arm, so she will know if a sudden delirium has taken her patient to the window.

The curriculum for a trained nurse is like that of a physician, a dentist, or a chemist for the first year. She attends lectures, studies drugs, and knows about the action of anaesthetics. Often she is the only doctor a patient in the country home will have for days at a time. If the family physician goes back to town, it is always very important that the trained nurse should understand drugs.

Her other requirements are making patients comfortable and the possession of an absolutely unruffled temper. The former includes the changing of sheets while the patient is in bed, cooking for the sick-room, what to do in emergency like hysteria, insomnia, fever, and pain. But equal in importance to all this is tact, with a large "T."

There is a great deal of sentimental trash written about the relations of patient and nurse. Their relations are those of a feeble-minded child—as the patient temporarily is—and a firm, sweet, capable woman—nothing more, nothing less. The child may fall in love with the woman, but the woman feels a great barrier of superiority to the child.

Of the twenty nurses that have been sent to nurse sick bachelors there have come back reports of proposals of marriage. "Poor fellow," he said, opening a case of books and a box of flowers that had just arrived, "he begged me to stay longer. Said he couldn't sit at dinner, he knew, without me to read to him

"I had a queer patient once," chattered one of the girls, for it was a social evening in a nurses' boarding-house, and all were telling experiences. "He was blind in a queer way. One eye was sightless. The pupil of his only eye was out of the eyeball. At times it would come to the right spot and for a minute he would see in perfect focus, clear as day. Then all was darkness to him. Nothing could be done for him. As he was very wealthy he kept having consultations of physicians, and I was the nurse for the last consultation, as the doctors hoped to help him. He was wild with nervousness for days before while I was feeding him to get him in good condition."

"I saw for a full minute three days ago," he said to me one day, "and I noticed you had rearranged the chairs. Will you fix the furniture so that I shall have something new to see when my eyes give me sight again for a minute?"

"An idea came across me and I stepped to the long glass over his dressing table. I placed it opposite him. By his side I stood another mirror from the next room and over his head balanced another. Between the mirrors I set tall palms. Something told me he would see again soon."

"No sooner had I done this and stepped



A MODEL COSTUME.

back to view my work than there came an awful yell. 'I can see. I can see,' shouted my patient, 'and you have built me a box of flowers. Oh, God, oh, God, if it could only last!'

"It was over in a minute. Sight was gone, but he talked all day about his glimpse of fairyland. Poor fellow, he had never seen into a mirror before."

The age limit for a trained nurse is 25 for a beginning. But nearly all don the cap and apron at 18, and at 25 are mothers of families, wives of husbands, hands of wives, and the closest of family friends, for they have in fifteen years filled every post of responsibility in hundreds of households.

French Follies.

The new colors are truly beautiful, and the combinations, although somewhat daring, are never hideous. Old rose and very pale blue, corn color, and Parma violet, silver gray, and ceranium, red and pink and amber, are some of the latest. The new shades of blue are very lovely, ranging from bluettes to navy blue, and from palest turquoise to deep marine blue. In fact, more blue is seen than any other color, but in so many varied shades that

front. The contrasting front, or blouse vest, is more in vogue than ever, and the Paris shops are selling beautiful stuffs for these "French fronts" by the yard, to be set into bodices in the form of yokes, plastrons, and blouse effects. Among them are laces, and silks and spangled, plished gauzes, grass linen, chiffon, net, and mousseline de soie.

THE SPRING GARDEN.

How to Prepare Your Winter House-Plants for Outdoor Life.

The pots of cyclamens that have been so beautiful in the house during the winter will require attention now, or as soon as the blooming period is over. Like other bulbous plants, they must be developed and ripened after the blooming, and then prepared for a period of rest for several months before they are repotted and started into new growth for fresh blooming. Keep them well watered for some time after they have finished blooming, and a little later, when the weather becomes settled, plunge the pots outdoors in a partially-shaded place, where they will not suffer from too much moisture and where they will not dry out.

The bulbs that have been resting during the winter may now be repotted for their summer blooming. Repot them in well drained, loamy soil, allowing the bulb to protrude at least half its thickness above the surface. The roots do not die down every year like those of the hyacinths, tulips, etc., and it is not necessary to set the pots in a dark place after repotting, though it is well to keep them shaded for a few days.

Woe Bits of Advice.

It is Louis XV. who is followed this season by the makers and wearers of satin shoes. These satin shoes may be as elaborate and costly as individual fancy chooses. Lace insertions, jewel trimming, silver or gold embroidery, may enrich them, or the brocade satin may be plain and severe in outline. A charming pair has pink satin uppers and lace over pink for the lower part. Silk stockings of pink, with white lace insertions, are worn with them. This kind of stocking is in great demand for very dressy wear. They time-embroidered stockings with Hards and beetle backs on the instep, are dazzling, with shoes to match, to wear with black tulle dancing-frocks, but they require professional cleaning. The shoe is used almost to the exclusion of the slipper for all dressy occasions, because it can stand more decoration, and is a better dancing-shoe. Then, too, the slipper has a half-negligence look that makes it fitter for home and bedroom wear.

A bed slipper, or sock, to wear when one is ill or reclining on a couch, or as some people like, in bed on cold nights, is built of satin or fine French flannel in some pretty Dresden pattern, sole and all. It has no heel, is drawn on over the bare foot, and is slit down each side, where there are little ribbon bows. A frill or quilling of ribbon edges the top about the ankle. Altogether, it is a very coquettish affair, to wear with nightgown and sans de it.

Shoes and stockings bring us naturally to garters, and that is no small subject in itself. There are little shops, indeed, along the frivolous Rue de la Prie, whose principal raison d'être is garter and petticoat designing. Round garters are made very wide. A Dresden ribbon is first shirred over the rubber, a puff or a quilling added to the top edge, a three-inch frill of lace to the lower, and a jewelled buckle, a ribbon bow, a bunch of violets, and a bit of peau d'Espagne or a sachet added. Neat! a confection almost big enough for an opera-bonnet. There is no telling, either, what a woman who loves to "fix up" things

best. The round one is a pretty finish to the stocking, we admit, but to hold the stocking without wrinkling, especially a silk one, means to wear it very tight, indeed; and that means a dent in the flesh that will in a very short time spoil the contour of the leg.

The suspender garters are made very lovely, in spite of their harness-like aspect. The rubber is covered with shirred ribbon, and on each edge there are two thick frills of very narrow black,

which are rocks, trout brooks, butternut trees, and apple trees where the ungrafted fruit is about the size of thorn apples. Nye said that Perkins' apples were "too tough that, like a worm, they would turn when you stepped on them."

"After we had been Eli's guest about a week," said Nye, "some wicked boys one night stole all his early apples. This almost broke Eli's heart. The next day he went to see the father of the wicked boys. 'They should be punished,' said Eli.

LIGHT AND AIRY



white, or yellow lace, or the whole width of the ribbon may be covered with rows of narrow lace frills. The buckles are of gold or silver, jewelled, perhaps, and so are the hooks. At the ends of each garter, where they fasten to the stockings, there is a ribbon bow, with a tiny sachet hidden in one of its loops. Rosettes of lace and bunches of ribbon loops are also used to trim garters.

RECALLS THE FATE OF GORDON.

Zebehr Pasha Was the One Man to Rule over the Sudan.

So Zebehr Pasha has turned up again at the War Office in Cairo. Probably most of our budding legislators who are laying down the law about the Sudan have forgotten that they ever heard of him; but twelve years ago, almost to a day, his name was in the mouths of Gordon and his friends. Zebehr Pasha, who had been sent to Khartoum and Downing Street had entered on the amazing course of vacillation and incompetence that led inevitably to his death and the ruin of the Sudan. Zebehr and Gordon were old foes; Zebehr had organized a rebellion in the Sudan in the old days when Gordon was Governor, and Gordon had smitten him hip and thigh, and had hanged his son Sulaiman. But Gordon knew a strong man when he met him. All Egypt could not rule Zebehr, so Zebehr should rule the Sudan when the Egyptian garrisons were withdrawn, and, accordingly, on the very day he reached Khartoum Gordon wired calling for "the man above all others, Zebehr. He alone has the ability to rule the Sudan. He should be made a K. C. M. G. and given presents."

Colonel Stewart added his prayers to Gordon's; Sir Evelyn Baring backed them both up; but Exeter Hall disapproved, and Downing Street said ditto to Exeter Hall. An old slave trader! An ex-rebel! A man with many wives! The idea was shocking; and so Earl Granville wired back that "public opinion of this country would not tolerate the appointment."

The rest of the story is an epitome of the Khartoum tragedy. Gordon implored, argued, even condescended to wheedle the men who were playing with his life; but it was of no avail. All through March, 1884, he and Stewart and Baring kept up their entreaties, but the Nonconformist conscience had its back against the wall, and would not budge. At last, in despair, Gordon wired direct to Zebehr, appointing him Deputy Governor, and asking him to come at once. On this, Cairo telegraphed to Downing Street: "He will be watched and his departure will be prevented."

Even after Gordon's death Downing Street was not content. Zebehr's property being all in the Sudan, he was arrested for debt. He was then accused of corresponding with the Mahdi, and was whipped off to Gibraltar, as a prisoner, for a couple of years. Perhaps he did turn traitor; he had gone through enough to make him one; but Englishmen in Cairo should not forget when the broken, white-bearded figure is pointed out that he is the man who could have saved Gordon and saved the Sudan, if only Mr. Gladstone and Exeter Hall had allowed him.

Fair Feminine Philanthropies.

Miss Bessie Potter is making a statuette in Miss Susan B. Anthony, and Miss

The Worm Will Turn.

The Oklahoma courts have seen the novel sight of an Indian woman suing for divorce. She claims that her husband



FOR WALKING OR BIKING.

does not support the family; and, in short, that he is an altogether unworthy husband. Civilization taught the Okies that if a man is "shiftless, idle, profligate, dissipated, and adulterous" there is redress, and that a woman is not bound to support a man in such practices.

To Utilize Old Silk.

Old-fashioned black taffeta silk is made up into plain waists, and these may be made dressy by accessories of white or color. Many of the colored waists have wrinkled collars of the predomi-

BLOUSE AND JACKET COMBINATION



Frances M. Goodwin has received a commission from the government to make a marble bust of Schuyler Colfax, to be placed in the gallery of the Senate, at Washington.

Bill and Eli.

(Don't Knows.)

They tell the story about Bill Nye's visit to Eli Perkins' country house up in Madison county N. Y. Eli has one of those farms left by his grandfather an

nating hue in velvet, and the wrinkled belt has the ends velvet lined.

Creases may be removed from silk by sponging and rolling tightly over a round stick. Do not use a hot iron upon any silk fabric.

A standing collar, with flexibility points, or a high, turn-down military collar, is the correct neck finish for a shirt waist.

one might have a dozen blue gowns in the wardrobe and still have no two anything alike.

In all the new gowns sent out by the great mail milliners one finds a very small bustle, for the back must now set out smartly to be truly fashionable. This small improver will probably never grow any larger, but will be worn for some time just as it now appears.

The new bodices almost all show blouse or peplum effects, and have the blouse

will devote on the spur of the moment. Last winter many a velvet stock-collared became, with a rose or two, a captivating "Dutch bonnet." The other day a velvet stole was swathed, rosettes and all, in a stunning mass about a girl's throat, the ends tucked inside her Louis XV. coat, and violets to give distinction to the ensemble. That a garter will serve as a choker is only a question of time.

The suspender garters many women still cling to, and, after all, they are the

and make him forget he wasn't hungry. And then I told him that I had a call to another patient, he said:

"Miss Alacia, if I can't keep you any other way, I'll marry you. But you won't have me because I'm such a brute sometimes. Then take Jack, Jack's the flower of the family, and you'll stay here then. I didn't dare to tell him I was going to take care of another man. But it is a friend of his, and he will see me the first time he goes out to make a call."

room becomes familiar to her eyes, she rises, moves around, reads the directions left by the doctor, lowers a window-blind, twists a paper screen before an unruly glare, moves away from worrying of things that have been worrying the patient with fantastic shapes, and by the time she has seated herself by his side there is a snug air of comfort, a wave of peace over the entire room.

"What have you done with those medicine-bottles?" asks the patient.

"Mean them to the other nurse."